Thoughts in Verse

John J. Brann

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THOUGHTS

IN

VERSE

RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS

BY

JOHN J. BRANIN.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

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By John J. Branin.

PREFACE.

To the charge of presumption which may follow upon the publication of THOUGHTS IN VERSE, I make no defense; nor can I implicate another in the humiliation I shall have brought upon myself. No outside influence was brought to bear upon me to publish; no stimulus of praise incited me to hope for world-wide fame; no philanthropist urged upon me publication as a duty to my fellow men. I simply wove my thoughts from the loom of imagination as best I could in the few leisure moments of busy days. The pattern I worked from was God's own design, inspiringly beautiful, pure and true. If my poor, untrained weaving shall afford some glimpse of the pattern; if it shall show the design not wholly marred, I shall have accomplished my self-imposed purpose. On the other hand, should THOUGHTS IN VERSE prove an unmerited infliction on an already suffering world, and their publication be without vindication, I am sponsor to my own folly.

JOHN J. BRANIN.

Philadelphia, 1894.

TO

MY DEVOTED FATHER AND MOTHER,

GOD BLESS THEM,

I DEDICATE THESE VERSES WITH

FILIAL AFFECTION.

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

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As Friend to Friend.

While now within the sculptured nave,
Soft shadows of the twilight fall,
A holy peace pervadeth all,
And reigns the stillness of the grave.

The silence through the dim aisles spread,
The hallowed memories of the place,
The figures looming strange that grace,
The dusky arches overhead;

The pendent lamp, its watchful fire,
The incense lingering in the air,
The quaint, sad look the pictures wear,
Doth each a solemn thought inspire.

Fit place the knee in prayer to bend,
To bring my secret thoughts to light,
To feel myself within His sight,
And speak with Him as friend to friend.

As one to whom, when sore oppressed,
The mind reveals its inmost grief,
And in the telling finds relief
Come to the overburdened breast ;

Or when some bliss the breast contains,
Some present good dilates the heart ;
The more we of our joy impart,
The more within the breast remains.

So let me as the daylight dies,
Praise God who doth such comfort give ;
Who on the altar deigns to live
Alone, unseen by carnal eyes.

And all the burdens of the day,
The cankering cares, the wasting strife,
The mad ambitions of my life,
Shall in His presence melt away ;

As when the drifts of snow that beat
The Northman's vast and frozen plain,
Meet first the warm and gentle rain
And feel the sun's absorbing heat.

And all the love that He hath made
Spring in my heart now overjoyed,
To fill the dull and aching void,
Here at the altar shall be laid.

Meet not my deep trust with a smile,
And say, "'tis all an idle show,
He dreams a pleasant dream or so,
His fancy sports a little while."

For ne'er had I more wakeful hour,
Nor saw with clearer light the things
That faith e'er out of darkness brings,
Than now assisted by His power.

The Heart of God from Crib to Cross
Warm pulsing with great love for me,
Within the Sacred Host I see;
Within my heart the earthly dross.

Burn brightly, altar lamp, and throw
Thy tender beams about His throne,
And let thy faithful rays atone
The cold disdain man doth bestow.

Hail Sovereign, Master, Thee I hail!
In Thee my strongest hopes repose;
Till when in death my eyes shall close,
And love shall rend the mystic veil.

God's Eternity.

Before time was Thou art,
And never wert Thou not;
With Thee nor past nor part,
None made Thee, none begot.

Thou art Thyself alone,
Immeasurable, free;
Jehovah, this we own,
Thine is eternity.

Thanksgiving.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for all Thy gifts,
Nor measure them with my weak sense;
For naught of little worth can be
That speaks of Thine omnipotence.

I thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy care
To guard me from the evil way;
I thank Thee, Lord, for that great love
That prompted Thee my debt to pay.

I thank Thee, Lord, for that great gift
Of faith that in Thee makes me live,
That bids me hope for better things
Than this poor world can ever give.

I thank Thee, Lord, for that sweet gift
Of grace, the gift of gifts divine;
The pledge of love's eternal reign
That makes my human heart like Thine.

First Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life."

All that I need to bear me on life's way,
Secure beyond the reach of hopeless fears
And vain self strivings through a waste of years,
Thou giv'st, O Lord, when to Thy Heart I pray
For grace to bear the burden of each day;
The path then straight, the burden light appears,
And peace, unknown before, my spirit cheers;
Light beams where darkness erst did hold its sway.

Yea, Lord, my hope in Thy sweet Heart shall be,
Supported by the promise Thou hast willed
To make to all who serve It faithfully.
Oh! Heart of Love, may my heart ne'er be chilled
With other love than Thine; and loving Thee
I rest secure Thy promise be fulfilled.

Second Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will establish peace in their houses."

Not as the world gives peace, O Heart divine,
Is that sweet peace the love of Thee ensures
The dwellers in the homes where love endures
The burden light and easy yoke of Thine,
And loving hearts in praise to Thee combine
For all the favors Thy great love secures.
Ah! sweet indeed the peace that home immures,
Where Thy dear Heart is made the household shrine:

Such peace, O Lord, within that house shall dwell,
As in that blest abode at Nazareth,
Where Mary loved Thee, as no tongue can tell,
And lulled Thine infant cries with rev'rent breath;
Where Joseph labored hard and loved Thee well,
Though Juda's King had planned Thine early death.

Third Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will comfort them in all their afflictions."

DEVOTED soul, courage in thy distress;
Raise up thine eyes, and see! affliction's friend
Pours forth his balm of love thy woes to mend;
His arms extended as in fond caress,
He fain would melt thee with the tenderness
O'erflowing His pierced Heart. To Him ascend
The plaintive yearnings of thy breast, to blend
With Love's desire and lose their bitterness.

Sweet solace this to grieving sons of earth,
That Thou, O God, befriend them in their need;
Ah! much Thou count'st our love above its worth,
Rich, gen'rous Heart, so far beyond our meed
Thy priceless gifts, with nought of stint or dearth,
Thou dost bestow, when we Thy love give heed.

Fourth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will be their secure refuge during life and above all in death."

BLESSED refuge of Thy way-worn, weary child,
Whom life's fierce struggles ever do pursue,
And all his narrow, thorny path bestrew
With wreck and ruin of their fury wild;
'Tis here in Thy meek Heart, nor e'er beguiled
By other hope, I'll take my rest, to sue
Thy love for strength the combat to renew,
To walk untainted through a world defiled.

And e'en should death's dark mantle o'er me fall,
And hide me low beneath the crumbling mould,
Thou, Lord, hast heard Thy servant's feeble call,
And wilt not that his faithful heart lie cold,
While Thine with love beats warm. Though 'neath the pall,
Thy love shall compass me: ah! bliss untold.

Fifth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will bestow a large blessing on all their undertakings."

Ah! much may worldlings boast of worldly power.
And court from earthly sage approval's smile;
Ask favor of earth's mighty ones, the while
Their ventures seek success and wait the hour
Their bud of promise may unfold its flower
Of ripe fulfillment. Search you well the file
Of worldly records: then close the musty pile
Ere hope forlorn should o'er thy bright life lower.

But thou, devoted soul, no anxious care
Disturbs thy mind, entrenchéd as thou art
In God's strong love of thee; by faithful prayer
United close to Jesus' Sacred Heart,
Which ever makes thy good Its own affair,
And blesses all thy work in every part.

Sixth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and infinite ocean of mercy."

Ah! hapless here I kneel by sin defiled;
The soul Thou quickenedst at its new birth, dead;
All pleasure gone, all save one comfort fled,
That Thou, O Lord, still lov'st Thy guilty child.
Oh! Heart for me on Calvary's Mount reviled;
Pierced Heart, which for my cruel sins hath bled;
Thou still hast love for whom Thy blood was shed,
And bidst him come, nor fear a Heart so mild.

O God, when unto Thee we sinners pray,
Thou e'er, with mercy fraught, dost heed the call;
Thy love doth wash the crimson stain away,
Thy precious gifts of grace beflood the soul.
Oh! Heart of love, Thy mercy who can say!
Great though Thy works, Thy mercy crowns them all.

Seventh Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"Tepid souls shall grow fervent."

HUMBLY before Thy picture, Lord, I kneel
In meditation on the wondrous Heart
Imprinted there. Here passed the cruel dart
Longinus wielded: this sharp wound a seal
Of love undying ever to remain;
While those cruel thorns that bind Thy Heart reveal
The depths of love which Thou for man dost feel;
And lo! the Cross made bright by Love's strong flame.

Oh! Heart of God, within my cold heart pour
Some portion of that all-consuming fire;
With Lance and Thorns and Cross may I soon soar
Above all earth-formed ties—all weak desire.
But I Thy promise have: why then deplore?
My tepid soul, Thou wilt with love inspire.

Eighth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection."

Say whither dost thy loving fervor lead,
O soul devoted to that Heart most meek?
When shalt thou reach the goal thy yearnings seek?
When, from the treach'rous mires which now impede
Thy progress, shall thy faithful soul be freed?
When shalt thou stand upon the dizzy peak
Which e'er before thee looms? and thou so weak,
The distance great, the climbing hard indeed.

Faint not! but ever on pursue thy way,
Though rugged be the tortuous path and steep,
Though far beyond thee seems the shining ray
That tips with gold where thou wouldst rest and sleep:
Quick shalt thou reach the goal, thy fears allay,
So One has said, who will His promise keep.

Ninth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will bless every place where a picture of my Heart is set up and honored."

No artist's working this! No world-wide name
Of subtle limner doth its margin bear
To stamp its worth; yet prizéd more, more dear
To me than masterpiece of wondrous fame
Inspired by other theme. Vain man, then blame
Me not, if mean to thee it may appear,
As now it looks upon me kneeling here:
Meek, humble Heart, within its lowly frame.

Thy blessings shall not flow the less, though poor,
Indeed, O Lord, its place of honor be;
Mean though its artist worth, 'twill yet secure
Full measure of the promise made by Thee
To Paray's Blessed one. Yea, Lord, Thou sure
Wilt bless this very place abundantly.

Tenth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts."

HARD indeed the coldness of this latter age!
Cold as polar ice, hard as flinty stone,
The hearts of men have by its influence grown;
And calloused by the chains of vassalage,
No thought of heaven can their minds engage;
Their souls have all but lost the living tone
Of faith. And will they ne'er their plight bemoan,
Nor cry to God their hapless lot assuage!

To Heart of Christ raise up thy pleading prayer,
Annointed of the Lord, lift up thy cry
To Him whose ardent love will deign to spare,
And through thee touch man's heart, and wet his eye
With fresh, repenting tears: with Thee He'll share
Love's fire to touch hard hearts and make them sigh.

Eleventh Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"Those who shall promote devotion to My Sacred Heart shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out."

How hard he fights, how bravely danger dares,
How to the front, e'en to the cannon's flame
He presses on to catch the soldier's claim
To glory. His aspect dauntless courage wears,
Nor recks he if with life or death he fares;
Content he is, if on the roll of fame
The world inscribes his honor and his name,
And sounds his warrior deeds with trumpet blares.

And shalt not thou, to whom He promise made
More glorious than the fame wars can impart,
Undaunted take thy stand midst cannonade
Of coldness, unbelief—and with the dart
Of love and prayer their serried ranks invade?
Then shalt thy name be written in His Heart.

Twelfth Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

"I will grant the grace of final penitence to those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months."

A HAPPY death! What comfort in the thought
That grace will aid thee at life's solemn end,
And lead thee safe though direful woes impend:
To shame, confusion shall the foe be brought,
By Him, whose blood thy priceless soul hath bought,
Whose mighty love His Sacred Heart didst rend,
Whose pleading prayer for thee to heaven didst wend,
When crucified He thy redemption wrought.

A happy death! 'Tis well thou shouldst secure
From Jesus' Sacred Heart this saving grace:
His is the promise, do but make it sure,
The means he gives thou wilt with faith embrace.
His word he gives—His word shall e'er endure:
Death shall not come till tears thy sins efface.

Offerings to the Sacred Heart.

I OFFER Thee, dear Jesus,
Each action of to-day,
My pray'rs, my work, my sufferings,
Accept them now I pray.

I offer Thee, dear Jesus,
The moments ere they pass;
I join my feeble heart's desire
With Thine in Holy Mass.

I offer Thee, dear Jesus,
Through Mary's heart most pure,
My very self, my all in all,
Oh! may my love endure.

And while Thy Heart, dear Jesus,
For sinners ever pleads;
I offer Thee, through Mary,
A decade of her beads.

I offer Thee, dear Jesus,
Oh! who could offer more?
Thyself! in sweet communion,
The Heart which I adore.

And to Thine own, dear Jesus,
My poor heart closely bind;
In love and reparation
For sins of all mankind.

Then take my gifts, dear Jesus,
Take all I have to give;
Oh! would that I could give my life,
Within Thy Heart to live.

"*Learn of Me!*"

COME beloved,—"Learn of Me!"
Of My meek and humble Heart
Take thy lesson, learn thy part;
For if humble, meek thou art,
I thy peace shall be.

Eye of the Pilgrim Soul,

Faith.

Blessed Faith, single eye of the pilgrim soul,
More piercing visioned than the proud eagle's,
Scanning abysses deep from the eyrie height,
Or sighting, undismayed, the dazzling beams
Of noon-day sun full to their burning source:
The owl, nor all the creatures of the night,
Cannot more pierce the impenetrable dark,
Than can thy never sleeping, piercing eye:
God did not grant these senseless, soulless things
Sufficient for their needs: the owl to see,
Through gruesome shades of night, its certain course;
The eagle, in illimitable scope,
Scan where would'st rest, and straightway take its flight;
And leave His masterpiece, the soul, undone,
Wanting in that alone it first most needs,
A prey to darkness and the fears of night,
A night-blind owl, an eagle without sight.
Nay, to the pilgrim soul, to it alone,
God in His bounty gives one mighty eye,
With sight all encompassing; God Himself

Within its vision's scope; His dazzling splendor,
Serene, unterrored, undismayed it views;
The night of doubt to it is penetrable;
And from out its clayey prison, the soul,
With Faith's sure eye, may see the distant shore,
Whither it tendeth and its yearnings soar.

Pinion of the Pilgrim Soul, Hope.

As far as Faith's unerring eye can see,
There joyous Hope, blessed pinion of the soul,
May bear its precious burden all secure;
For shall the eye of Faith be doomed to see,
And from its sight dire torture but receive?
Nay! where Faith's e'er piercing vision rests,
The soul, by Hope, unerringly may fly,
Swift as the eagle to its sunny height;
And as the eager carrier dove, let loose
Its brooding cote full many a league remote,
In giddying circles light of wing doth rise,

And when its bearings all complete hath made,
Cleaves fast the air in one unbroken course;
So will the soul let loose from captive bands
Of blinding doubt, despairing unbelief,
With eye of Faith scan sure the vast expanse
'Tween where it is and where its true home lies,
Far, far beyond the dim horizon line
Of carnal vision; rise lightly buoyed by Hope,
And to the distant goal wing straight its way;
Though darkling chasms ever 'neath it yawn;
Though swollen, murky floods beneath it roll,
And winds tempestuous all but crush its wings:
Yea, pilgrim soul, to thee thy God hath given
Blessed Faith to see, blessed Hope to speed to heaven.

Life of the Soul,

Charity.

SWEET Charity, of Faith and Hope begot,
Rich nourishment of man's immortal part,
The soul's quick, pulsing life and wholesome breath;
Without which all were impotent and dry,

The spirit heavier far than is the clay
Which doth encompass it in mortal frame;
And of its ponderableness must needs to sink
To nether depths, without a hope to rise:
But where thy flame burns pure within the soul,
The life stream flows to every distant part,
And soaring Hope may oil her bruiséd wing,
When tempests lash and furies storm and howl;
And Faith not blinded be, nor see in vain
The distant prospect spread before its eye,
Nor jaundiced grow, nor close of inward rage:
With thy sustaining strength made strong to bear,
Shall Faith and Hope all adverse powers dare;
And safe the pilgrim soul bring to its goal:
When yearning Faith its watchful eye shall close,
And Hope its soaring wing enfold and rest;
But thou, of God's own mighty love a part,
Shalt never cease the glorious soul to feed;
With jealous care shall He thy pulsings guard;
And safe with Him, thou shalt not know of death:
For aye thou'lt live—immortal be thy breath.

Thy Kingdom Come.

RULE Thou my life, O Lord of might,
Thou knowest what is best for me;
And Thou, O Lord, wilt lead me right,
Though dark the way may seem to be.

In vain my feeble sense would scan
The mighty purpose of Thy law,
And in Thy universal plan
Deem what is dark to me a flaw.

What though the wage of toil may be
Delayed beyond the now and here;
Beyond the present faith may see
In vision Thy eternal year.

Then rule, my Lord; within my heart
Set up Thy Kingdom, love instil;
Bid me to do—and for my part,
Not this or that, but Thy sweet will.

God is Everywhere.

I STAND upon the lone sea sands
And hear the surges roll;
I feel the might of God's strong hands,
Like music in my soul.

I stand upon the mountain height
And view the plain below;
My mind perforce takes rapid flight
To Him whose works I know.

Though deep I delve into the earth,
Midst rocks of awesome age;
I see His might and ancient worth
Writ on the else mute page.

The rolling thunder's deafening peal,
The lightning in the sky,
Do something of His might reveal,
And tell that He is nigh.

In sky and air, in field and wood,
In stream and waterfall;
In all that is, in every good,
His hand I see in all.

The proudest bird that heavenward soars,
The lowliest thing that crawls;
The mightiest cataract that roars,
The humblest drop that falls;

The bright revolving worlds o'erhead,
The glow-worm's feeble streak,
The dusty atoms round me spread,
All of His presence speak.

Creation shows His strong impress,
And all proclaim Him, Lord;
Thou ever present Holiness,
Forever be adored.

And if I turn mine eyes within,
And all my soul lay bare;
To doubt, it were a grievous sin,
For surely He is there.

And through the busy din of day,
At night when all is still,
I feel that He doth near me stay,
And all my being fill.

Yes, He is more to me than light
Of burning sun to day;
Oh! may He keep me in His sight,
To kindle in His ray.

God's Love.

Oh! what a love of wondrous worth
God's love for man must be:
That He should humble to the earth
And bear with contumely;
Should humble to a human birth,
That we might heaven see.

While Bethlehem's Star Shines Bright.

(*A Christmas Carol.*)

THE Child in Bethlehem's manger lies,
While Bethlehem's star shines bright
And lightens all the midnight skies,
A wonder to the shepherds' eyes,
This holy Christmas night.

Oh! shepherds cease your troubled fear,
And let your praises swell
The Alleluias sounding near,
Where God's fair angels now appear,
And joyful tidings tell.

Go, haste ye to the rocky cave,
Your grateful hearts there bring
To Him the Child whom Mary gave,
The world from sin and death to save,
The Lord your God, and King.

Come, let us with the shepherds mild,
And angels fair unite,
In homage to the Holy Child,
And greet the mother undefiled,
While Bethlehem's star shines bright.

Lo! Led by the Star.

(*Feast of the Epiphany.*)

Lo! led by the star,
They come from afar,
The wise men from out the far East,
And where its rays fall,
In the bare cattle stall,
Lies their King in the place of the least.

And Mary is there,
With a fond mother's care,
Her love-watch she piously keeps;
While from her babe's lips
Rich graces she sips,
For His kisses of grace are the deeps.

They kneel and adore,
These wise men of yore,
These wise men, though strangers they were;
With gladness of heart,
Their gifts they impart,
Of frankincense, gold and of myrrh.

For there as they kneel,
His presence they feel,
The presence of God and their King;
And happy are they,
Their glad gifts to lay
At His feet, and His praises to sing.

Oh, may His bright star
Of faith beam afar,
And pierce the deep gloom of the night;
To bring, as of yore,
Wise men to adore
The Christ-child, the fountain of light.

The Holy Name.

More sweet than angel's sweetest lay,
No sound so sweet beside;
More powerful than tongue can say,
It opens heaven wide;
So when in Jesus' name we pray,
There's naught can be denied.

Resurrexit!

He is risen,
Truly risen;
Risen with a life immortal,
Open now is heaven's portal,
Man's redemption now is won.

Life is victor,
Death is vanquished;
Death has fled the resurrection,
Sin has fled the resurrection
Of the Father's only Son.

Freedmen, Freedmen,
Ransomed freedmen!
Sing aloud your gay hosannas,
Sing aloud your alleluias,
On this joyful Easter morn.

Angels, Angels,
Saints and angels!
Ye who see Him in His glory
Chant the ever welcome story
Of the golden age that's born.

The First Easter Morn.

Written for the Easter celebration of the Literary Section of the Academia, Young Men's Sodality, Church of the Gesu, Philadelphia. [Easter, 1894.]

"He is not here for whom ye tearful seek,
Yet fear ye not, but list the words I speak;
He is not here, but risen as He said;
Behold the place where lay your Jesus dead!
Go, quickly this His loved disciples tell;
Let dry your tears, your hearts with rapture swell;
For He is risen, as your eyes shall see,
And goes before ye into Galilee."

Thus spoke the angel in his raiment white
As purest snow, and countenance bright
As the lightning's flash in an angry sky,
That had stricken as dead each armed spy,
As he guarded the sealed sepulchral stone,
And his pointed lance in the pale light shone;
But his voice than music was far more sweet
As his words the sorrowing women greet.

But one who sobbed as though she had not heard
The angel's voice repeat the wondrous word,
The faithful Magdalen, who saw the place
All vacant where had lain the pallid face
Of her beloved, and saw His empty shroud,
No comfort found, and weeping, cried aloud;
"From out His tomb my Lord they've hied away,
And where they've laid Him, who alas can say!"

Mary weeps! Alone she stands in bitter grief
Beside the tomb. O whence shall come relief?
Or shall her eyes no more her Lord behold?
No more her arms His sacred feet enfold?
The mournful tears adown her wan cheeks flow,
And all the anguish of her warm heart show.
O whence shall comfort come; and whence the balm,
Her grief to soothe, her troubled fears to calm?

Far in the east the first faint flush appears,
The morn star wanes, the roseate dawning nears;
The mists disperse, night's sable shadows fly
The crimson glory of the eastern sky.
Day breaks! Judea's hills are golden dyed!
Within the door sepulchral rent aside,
The dazzling flood of liquid gold now leaps!
But Jesus is not there,—still Mary weeps.

"Woman, why weepest thou, whom seekest thou?"
What stranger this whom naught she saw till now!
"O sir, if thou hast taken Him away,
O tell me where they've laid Him, tell I pray."
"Mary!" "Rabonni!" 'Tis the Master's voice!
Sing, sing, ye choirs, let heaven and earth rejoice!
Risen indeed from out the silent tomb,
The Master lives who didst our debt assume.

God's Message.

Canst read the message swiftly borne
Upon the shining orb of day;
When radiant dawns the summer morn
And wakes the songster's roundelay?
'Tis God's message sweetly borne
On the early summer morn;
God's sweet music borne along
On the early matin song.

Canst read the message there unfurled
Behind the sombre veils of night;
When gently sleeps the weary world
And all the sky is diamond bright?
'Tis God's message there unfurled
Far above the sleeping world;
God's sweet message shining through
Night's expanse of sombre hue.

"The True Church."

One as God is one—an undivided whole!
Impregnable thou art! Though 'gainst thee roll
The phrensied onsets of contending powers,
Still truth is safe within thy Christ-built towers;
Though 'gainst thy walls the furious storms may break,
And spend their force thy mighty rock to shake;
Thou single stand'st mid dire divisions rife,
And so shall stand while God is God of life.

Holy art thou as holy is thy Spouse,
And blessed are they who in thy pastures browse;
Eternal are the truths on which they feed,
Unmixed with doubt or error's poison weed;
No flaw may mar the beauty of His Bride,
For whom saints lived and holy martyrs died;
Holy art thou, as well thou show'st to be,
And holy is the reign of thy right sovereignty.

Catholic—nor e'er confined to place or time,
From either pole to burning torrid clime;
Past, present, future, every age thine own,
By each and all thy living faith is known;
No race may claim thee—savage, free and bond,
All hear thy voice and to thy call respond;
With thee no north nor south, no east nor west,
All, all alike are nurtured at thy breast.

Since Christ the heavenly keys to Peter gave,
And on him built His Church the world to save;
Since first to Peter was His charge to keep
And guard the pastures of His lambs and sheep,
Peter has lived, the sole appointed head,
Whom truth e'er loves and sin and error dread;
Yes Peter lives, 'gainst error war to wage,
And still shall live through age succeeding age.

To Mary Immaculate.

Crystal fountain flowing
Through a sterile land,
Richest bounties strewing
Far on every hand;
Fruitful seeds a sowing
In a fertile band.

Spotless flower blowing,
Earth's pure lily styled,
Fragrance rare bestowing
In a desert wild,
Stainless blossom growing
Midst all else defiled.

Beauteous rainbow throwing
Hues of varied light;
Ceased the storm's wild blowing,
When thou shinest bright,
Heaven's promise showing
To earth's yearning sight.

Radiant day star glowing
In a lowering sky,
To thee all are owing
Light when dark was nigh;
Praise we now, thee knowing,
Praise thy purity.

Mary's Nativity.

Unto Joachim and Anne,
Lo a child is born;
Never since the world began,
Since creation's morn,
Never child of mortal man
Did such grace adorn.

Mary is her holy name,
Next to His most sweet;
Blessed the day on which she came,
Anxious eyes to greet;
Angels at her birth acclaim,
Earth and heaven meet.

Nunc Dimittis.

See the Mother undefiled,
In her arms the Holy Child,
Enters in the solemn temple,
She all pure and chaste and simple,
Comes she with her pious patron,
Comes as comes the Jewish matron
With her first born infant son,
That the law's command be done.

See the gentle turtle doves,
Offerings for Him she loves;
See how meek the gifts she tenders;
O what praise to God she renders,
By abasement meek and lowly,
She whom angels sing as holy,
Free from blemish ere her birth,
Pride and honor of the earth.

Lo, good Simeon, now appears
He thy hope through watching years;
Seest now thy Lord's salvation,
Light to all the gentile nation;
Seest now thy Israel's glory,
Speak with prophet's words the story
Of the Cross and soldiers fierce,
Tell whose soul the sword shall pierce.

"Lord, Thou dost dismiss in peace,
Him whose weary watchings cease;
Here my eyes are now beholding,
Here my arms are now enfolding
Him for whom my heart hath sighed,
Him for whom my soul hath cried;
Now my eyes may close in peace,
And my weary watchings cease."

Beneath the Cross.

Oh! Mary, Mother, who hast stood
Beneath the world's redeeming wood,
And gazed upon thine only Love,
Sweet Bethlehem's Babe, pure spotless Dove,
All bruised and torn, thorn-crowned and nude,
A sport for all the soldiers rude,
Thy heart, in grief responsive to His own,
Felt every pang, and shared His every groan.

Oh! Mother, 'twill be mine to die
Alone, save thou art standing by
To gaze on me as on thy Son,
On me for whom thy spotless One
Hung on the world's redeeming wood,
Beneath whose red stains thou hast stood:
Then may I die whil'st thou art standing near;
For 'neath the Cross, with thee, what shall I fear?

The Morning Angelus.

In winter's dark or summer's morning bright,
When roses blow or all with snow is white;
When early sunbeams sparkle in the dew
And waking birds their matin chants renew;
Or when the sparkling lamps of heaven still lit,
Seem loth their vigil of the night to quit;
When dark and silence reign the early time,
And sash and pane disclose the freakish rime;
Alike in summer's balm, or winter's sullen mood,
Rich foliage spread or torn the trees and nude;
Alike in each becomes th' aspiring soul,
Not crushed and torpid 'neath foul sin's control,
Strengthened, refreshed, with living hopes abound,
When gladsome bells their joyful message sound;
And o'er the land, o'er all the hills and dales,
O'er fishers' boats fast moored, with low set sails,
O'er every hamlet, village, city, town,
Hope with the peals comes floating down,
And lodgment finds in every prayerful breast:
Ave Mary, thy children God hath blessed.

The Noontime Angelus.

Ave Mary, again we call to thee;
Thy noon-tide bells again ring joyously
The hopes their chimes inspired when first was
borne
Their gladsome message on the wings of morn:
Since when the labors of the day half done,
The sun full half his daily course hath run;
And now poor, human mortals, frail and weak,
Again through thee for help sustaining seek:
Again through thee ascend thy children's cries,
Again blessed hopes in every bosom rise:
Now may the fisher cast his spreading net,
And haste the drooping sail to seaward set;
The weary laborer to his task return,
Supported by the hopes which in him burn;
Still ring the dulcet echoes in his heart,
Peace floods his soul, while wasting fears depart;
Light grows his toil, true joys his labors leaven,
Secure he rests, that through thee cometh heaven;
Ave Mary, for thou our prayer hast heard;
Ave Mary, mother of God's own Word.

The Evening Angelus.

Ave Mary, day's weary toil is done;
Fast sinks away the faithful, shining sun;
Now let thy gladsome bells their message ring,
And to thy feet thy prayerful children bring;
Bring all the sons and daughters of our race
To thee whom Gabriel hailed as "full of grace!"
Let glad bells ring while sinks the sun from sight;
Let glad bells ring while stars are shining bright;
When evening's come and weary toil is o'er,
And fishers' boats once more hug close the shore,
And labor lays aside its fretful care,
Let ring the bells! Let rise the angel's prayer!
Glad ring the bells! to thee thy children come;
Ave Mary, their tongues shall not be dumb;
When tongues of iron such liquid music make,
What rapturous strains the human tongue must make!
Blessed day from morn till eve; from eve till morn,
While shining orbs the darkling skies adorn,
Through all shall ring the echoes of thy bell:
Ave Mary, thou sure dost guide us well.

Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

(*Auriesville, N. Y.*)

On Ossernenon's hill it stands,
Warm kissed by summer suns;
And winding through the meadow lands,
The sparkling Mohawk runs;
While from the pious pilgrim bands
Arise sweet orisons.

Fair orchards dot the smiling vale,
And fields of ripening grain
Now wave where once the red man's trail
Was wet with blood of slain;
Where once went up the dying wail,
And dragged the captive's chain.

Afar a hazy mountain peak
Is kissing heaven's blue;
Soft sounds Schoharie's murmuring creek,
Where near it breaks to view;
And if its waters could but speak
The deeds which once they knew.

O sweet delight to human eye,
There's rapture in the scene,
Beneath a summer's cloudless sky,
When all the vale is green;
And summer birds are winging by
The dark and lone ravine.

The lone ravine where summer bird
Soft melody intones,
And rippling sound of stream is heard
Among the darkling stones;
But stream nor bird give sign or word
Where rest a martyr's bones.

O lady to thy hill-top Shrine
We come from far and near,
For martyrs are true sons of thine,
Who have of death no fear;
Like them we'd call thee "Mother mine,"
And share thy sorrow's tear.

Where martyrs' blood has dyed the ground,
Let Faith's bright flowers spring;
Let pilgrim bands their praises sound,
Their deeds of valor sing;
And may the martyrs' faith abound,
And heaven to us bring.

Pilgrims' Prayer to the Queen of Martyrs.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
All our needs are known to thee,
All our sorrows are thy sorrows,
Let thy sorrows ours all be.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
Near to heaven seem we here,
Where the band of holy martyrs
Shared with thee deep sorrow's spear.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
That our weak faith may be fed
With the faith of those brave heroes
Of the Cross, who here have bled.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
That our love for thy dear Son,
May increase with glowing ardor
Till the victory be won.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
So to hope nor be cast down;
Fearless! when hell's darkest terrors
Fain would snatch from us life's crown.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
As we kneel about thy shrine,
Faith grows stronger, love more ardent,
Hope with brighter beam doth shine.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
That God's peace may rule our land;
That beneath Christ's royal standard,
Brothers may clasp hand in hand.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
Pray for our belovēd Pope,
That he may, by wisdom guided,
Dauntless with all dangers cope.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
Praise with us the Trinity,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Godhead one and Persons three.

The Assumption.

WHEN fell upon thy startled ear, sweet Maid,
The message of the angel from God's throne,
What time He made thee Mother of His own
And only Son, heaven homage to thee paid,
All earth exultant joined the nuptial strain,
And at thy word of meek consent, afraid
The demons fled; hell trembling stood dismayed;
Man hoped again his heritage to gain.

Thy crowning adds new motives to his trust.
O Maid! Death from earth's bondage sets thee free,
Nor mingles thy pure body with the dust;
Fair risest thou in all thy purity,
O Mother of the Word made flesh! 'Tis just
That thou at His right hand shouldst crownéd be.

The Penitent.

BEND low thine ear,
That thou may'st hear
The guilty secrets of my breast,
That will not die and let me rest,
Till they in sorrow be confessed,
And thou my contrite soul hath blessed;
Then sin and fear
Shall disappear.

Attend mine ear,
That thou may'st hear
The word that frees my soul from blight,
That brings it from the gloom of night
Into the everlasting light,
And makes its utter blackness white.
When peace sincere
Approacheth near.

To Mary.

(*In the Morning before her First Holy Communion.*)

Oh! whiter than the snowy veil
That shades thy sweet, expectant face;
More chaste than are the lilies pale
That round thy soft brow interlace;

More bright than are thy love-lit eyes,
Made lustrous by an inner light,
Like astral gleams in azure skies,
Is thy pure soul within His sight.

Though coarse thy brow and seamed it were,
And Afric's suns had blacked thy face;
Or furry hood of Laplander
Encrowned thee 'stead of filmy lace;

Yet still thy soul as bright would be,
And grace as full in thee would flow,
And He would still within thee see
A beauty chaster than the snow.

A fragrance than the rose more sweet,
More sweet than honey in the cell,
Thy loving Jesus soon shall greet,
When in thy heart He comes to dwell.

For thee He waits, He waited long,
Till now has come the very day,
When heaven may sing thy bridal song,
And happy birds repeat the lay.

Already ere the morn did break,
And fire with golden glow the east,
He sent His angels thee to wake,
And lead thee to the bridal feast.

God's angels fair, Faith, Hope and Love
This gladsome morn shall thee attend;
Till God Himself from heaven above
Into thy pure soul shall descend.

Yes, happy child, thy snowy veil
Beseemeth well thy simple grace;
Rejoice, and at the altar rail,
Feel Love's first strong and sweet embrace.

The Feast of All Souls.

A BLIGHTING frost is in the air,
A cloud hangs o'er the moon,
The wind sweeps through the maples bare,
And sings a doleful tune.

The graveyard stones are showing white,
Above each silent mound,
Where deep they lie from mortal sight,
Till horn of judgment sound.

And from each grave there comes to me
A low, reproachful cry:
"O friend, O friend, I call to thee,
Nor heedless pass me by.

"The hand of God my soul doth touch,
Though not in anger's frown;
For even now He loves me much,
And holds my waiting crown.

"Yet 'neath that touch my soul doth burn
And torture with desire;
Nor pass me nor my pleadings spurn,
But help me from this fire.

"Here mid these flames no time we know,
No year. nor month, nor day;
But watch with grieving minds how slow
The dark stains wear away

"But well we know when earthly friends
Their supplications raise,
For then some poor souls' grieving ends,
In glory bright they blaze.

"O what a day with you is this,
The feast of Holy Souls!
He on this feast in endless bliss
A countless host installs.

"Let not this feast day pass you by,
Let holy Mass be read;
O friend, spurn not my mournful cry:
Have pity on the dead.

"When autumn winds are sighing low,
And autumn leaves thick fall,
A 'Requiescat' then bestow
On each poor holy soul."

Who Dieth in the Lord.

How sweet to rest, after the pain of strife;
To fold tired hands, to close the weary eyes,
To find surcease at last of earthly sighs,
Of deadly sin that woundeth like a knife,
Of crushing cares with which the world is rife;
To see at last the once far distant prize
Of heavenly rest, and know it near thee lies,
To pass its gates and taste of endless life:
Then learn to look thus kindly upon death;
Its stillness should no dread alarms afford;
Though cold the hand, and passed the fleeting breath,
'Tis kindly all; why then to be deplored?
For resteth he, and peaceful slumbereth
The holy one who dieth in the Lord.

Saint Patrick.

Written for the Saint Patrick's Day Celebration of the Literary Section of the Academia, Young Men's Sodality, Church of the Gesu, Philadelphia. [Feast of Saint Patrick, 1894.]

LET Erin's sons rejoice to-day,
Saint Patrick's praises sound;
His saintly fame shall ne'er decay,
While turns the earth around.

'Tis now a thousand years and more
Since first he bore the light
Of Christian Faith to Erin's shore,
And pierced the Druid night.

Where once he wore the bondsman's brand,
'Mid Antrim's dreary wild,
And served King Milchu's stern command,
Though scarcely more than child.

Where once from Down's fair, sunny vale,
To Slemish's wild hill,
He herds the swine in storm and gale,
By mountain lough and rill.

But broken is the captive's chain,
Long sunk in bog and mire ;
And now upon the hill of Slane,
There glows an Easter fire.

An Easter fire is burning bright !
O Patrick, dost not know,
That Niall's son is near to-night,
And sees the sky aglow ?

What though Laogbaire fiercely frown,
And chiefs of every clan ?
What fear of Tara's kingly crown,
Has he who fears not man ?

He hears the low, distressing cry
Of Erin's noble sons:
"Come holy youth, for Christ we sigh,
Come warm His shivering ones."

High leap the flames on Slane's dark hill,
Now higher still and higher ;
He hears their call and comes to fill
Their hearts with Christian fire.

From winding Vartry's peaceful flow,
To Connaught's craggy stairs;
Through all the isle, to friend and foe,
The Christian fire he bears.

And well he strives like unto Him,
With penance, fast and prayer,
Though sore of foot and weak of limb,
Till Erin God should spare.

See on Croagh Patrick's rocky crest,
Whose foot the salt waves lave,
He prays till God his prayer has blessed,
And Erin deigns to save.

God hears good Patrick's fervent prayer,
And blesses all his toil;
Saves Erin from the demon's snare,
And sanctifies its soil.

The serpents from the holy ground,
In dire confusion flee;
Nor stop till e'en the last has found
A grave beneath the sea.

No more within the holy isle
The serpent's trail is seen;
No more the Druid rites defile
Her hills and valleys green.

Her sons the demon's snares now brave,
And God's protection claim;
They bless the saintly one who gave
Them faith in Jesus' Name.

And faithful prayers like incense rise
By lough and wild sea-cove;
The altar of true Sacrifice
Is raised in field and grove.

The Cross is planted in the sod,
The shamrock grows beside;
One tells the Persons three in God,
One of the Crucified.

At Patrick's feet see queens and kings,
And chiefs and clansmen kneel,
To pledge them to the faith he brings,
And crave the Christian's seal.

Within their hearts the fruitful seeds
Of saintly virtues grow;
They give their lives to holy deeds
And Christ-like valor show.

For Christ they live, for Christ they sigh
His Kingdom to extend;
To plant the Cross of Christ on high,
The world from end to end.

A thousand years, a thousand years,
His fame is living still;
And bright his Easter fire appears,
As e'er on Slane's dark hill.

Yes, every Irish heart to-day,
In which that fire may burn,
The tribute of its praise shall pay;
And strive his love to earn.

Look Above.

When the dark cloud of sorrow hangs o'er thee,
From the chalice of woe thou must drink;
When thy poor heart is heavy and lonely
And thy hopes in despondency sink;
Look above where the bright stars are shining,
Though thy eyes may be tear-filled and dim,
And their bright gleam will soften repining,
And sweet hope fill thy heart to the brim.

For the fair shining stars show His glory,
As they gleam through the gloom of the night;
And the bright stars reveal a sweet story,
As they tremble and burn in His sight;
A sweet story of hope they are telling,
Look above though thy eyes may be dim,
And the sorrow within thee o'er-welling,
Shall flee from thy bosom to Him.

Saint Ignatius.

WHEN error reared its monster head
'Mid fell destruction's roar,
God to the mighty battle led
A chieftain trained in war.

Ignatius, who had oft repelled
The charge of Spanish foe,
All self desire for glory quelled,
More glory God to show.

Beneath the flag of Faith he fights,
Nor armistice declares;
His sword is sharp, but more affrights
The armor that he wears.

For armor 'tis no thrust may pierce,
Nor error's bomb destroy;
It stands against attack most fierce,
'Tis Truth without alloy.

To the Young Men's Sodality.

(*Church of the Gesù, Philadelphia.*)

LINKED together by close ties which bind
Stronger than the fleshly ties of blood and kin;
Stronger than the patriot's love, which, 'mid the battle's din,
Binds armēd hosts. A purer, nobler, higher kind,
Linking youthful heart to heart, mind to mind,
And soul to soul, and all that dwells therein,
In one great aim, our Lady's love to win;
Her praise to sing, the office each assigned.

The patronage of Heaven's Immaculate Queen,
Favored of God; above all else than God alone;
Of Aloysius, than whom the world has seen
No chaster model in earth's flesh and bone;
Such patronage is ours,—on it we lean
To lead us pure of heart to God's own throne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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What Makes the Showers.

From snow-capped hills, whose summits lie
Against the blue, unclouded sky,
The now unfettered streamlets hie;
They murmur through the forest shade,
They sparkle through the sun-lit glade;
And deepen as they faster go—
Till deepened more by melting snow,
They meet the river broad but low.

The river struggles through the plain—
Nor are its struggles now in vain
To reach the broad, unbounded main,
Where ocean old engulfs the prize—
But part he 'tributes to the skies;
And on the high hills now there lower
Portentous clouds with mighty power,
That gently fall in April shower.

A Reverie.

PLAIN, humble cot, to you I owe
More pleasure than can earth bestow
On those she crowns with brightest gems,
The rarest of her diadems,
And places on a golden throne,
With stretching realm from zone to zone.

And thou, old tree, that spreadeth o'er
Uplifted sash and open door,
That oft hath nursed me in thy arms,
And lulled me with thy soothing charms;
What vaunted dome by mortal made
Delights as does thy grateful shade?

As now thy tuneful measure flows,
Old tree, with every wind that blows,
Once more I rest beneath the leaves
That shade those golden, moss-grown eaves;
Time-burdened 'neath thy quiet green,
My mind recalls the rustic scene.

What rounds of blessings on thee wait
From time Aurora opes her gate
To flood the meadows with her beams,
To wake the thrushes' dulcet streams,
To draw the incense from the fir,
And make the drowsy cot astir.

Till now the sunbeams slant along,
The love-bird pipes his amorous song,
The busy plough is safely stored,
The house-wife spreads the frugal board,
The jade unbridled hugs his stall,
And dewy shades begin to fall.

Here let me rest in peace of mind,
And leave ambition far behind,
Where grinds the wheel, where smokes the flame,
Where clangs the bell, where wastes the frame,
Where shines the gold, where *rusts* the *heart*,
Where ceaseless hums the city mart.

Old William.

To-day I wandered all alone,
Through park and glade and woodland dell,
And climbed upon the moss grown stone,
That rests beside old William's well.

You know the road that winds along
By William's big, red painted barn,
And takes a sudden turn among
The alder bushes near the tarn.

By this I came, old William there
Stood leaning on the low set wall ;
His staff he held, his gray head bare
Shone like a polished ivory ball.

"And William, how are you to-day?
Your hair has whiter grown, I think,
Since last I passed this old time way,
Here at the cooling well to drink.

"The stately park I just passed through,
Holds still the old familiar trace
Of wood and browse land once I knew,
And naught seems changed about the place."

He took my hand within his own,
He led me to the cooling well;
I climbed upon the moss grown stone,
And heard the tale he had to tell.

"You think my hair has whiter grown,
My eyes are deeper set?
Maybe they have, but this you'll own,
My eyes have cunning yet.

"See where the great house yonder stands,
With waving trees before;
A good broad stretch of fertile lands,
A good square mile or more.

"'Twas there within that very park,
My eyes first saw the light;
In boyhood chased the meadow lark,
And heard the owl at night.

"I sported where the maple swings
Its branches in the shade;
Where wild rose blows and mavis sings
Its sweet song in the glade.

"The winding stream that glides about
In brightsome mood and free,
I've waded through with leap and shout,
In merry summer glee.

"And when to man's estate I came,
With children of my own,
The merry times were just the same
About their father's home.

"Five boys they were, a brawny set,
Each was his father's son;
As true and brave as ever yet
The glorious sun shone on.

"I loved them with a father's love,
Their mother loved them too,
And with a mother's love e'er strove
The best for them to do.

"A happy lot we were 'tis sure,
A happy family,
And all the boys were good and pure,
Sweet flowers of chastity.

"And so we lived together there,
Nor cared the world's renown;
We sported free as does the hare
On Abernethy down.

"The summers and the winters passed,
The years sped on apace;
Till one by one they left at last
Their wrinkles in my face.

"John lives a short piece down the hill,
Where clinks the noisy forge;
And Edward has the old stone mill,
Close by the foaming gorge.

"And Henry keeps the busy store,
Within the market town;
While Albert for ten years or more
Has worn a lawyer's gown.

"And William he the gardener is
Of Croftsby park and grange ;
The place I held so long is his,
In this there's nothing strange.

"His children troop about the door ;
His wife my trusty guide,
Has been my stay and comfort's store,
Since William's mother died.

"Long time I've lived here as you know,
Of years well nigh four score
Have passed me in their silent flow,
My time shall soon be o'er.

"Thank God for His great gift of years,
Thank God for all the joys
I've tasted in this vale of tears,
His blessings on my boys."

I pressed old William's honest hand,
The minutes passed e'er word I spoke ;
I leaped me down, nor long to stand,
Ere I his blessing did invoke.

And as I strolled at last away,
I turnèd me many times to view
Old William standing bent and gray,
Though lightly beat his heart and true.

And all way home my mind would turn,
Through park and glade and woodland dell,
To that sweet story I did learn
From William by the cooling well.

To a Robin.

Sing, robin, sing,
Rest thy wing;
From thy throat
Pour a note
For spring.

Sing, robin, sing,
While ye swing
In the tree,
Merrily
Swing and sing.

The Avalanche Snow.

O STAY in the valley,
Mount not the dark crag,
That loometh before thee,
Where hides the swift stag;
For full of dread danger
Is avalanche snow,
O stay, weary stranger,
In the valley below.

O stay I cannot
In your sweet, smiling vale;
Be yon dark crag my cot,
Ere the morning shall pale;
And the avalanche snow
Must my cold pillow be,
Though your bright hearth I know
Bids warm welcome to me.

My path onward lies
Through the wild chamois track,
Where the bleak forest sighs,
And the wintry winds rack,
And the wild mountain boar
Keeps the hunter at bay,
And the mountain birds soar
O'er their far, distant prey.

The way may be long
And the pathway be steep,
But my staff it is strong,
And my promise I'll keep:
Ere to-morrow's bright rays
Shall have gilded the snow,
I must from yon peak gaze
On the valley below,

O stay, stranger, stay
By the hearthstone to-night,
The evening is gray
And the embers are bright;
O hear ye the blast
Of the oncoming storm?
O sit ye here fast
In the comfort and warm.

Away and away,
I must hasten me now,
While the evening is gray
On the wild mountain's brow;
Though loud rages the storm,
Or the chilling blasts blow,
I must haste from the warm
And the valley below.

The stranger goes out
In the cold and the gray,
And the storm goblins shout
On the steep mountain way;
And the winging hawks cry
O'er the avalanche snow,
And their weird echoes die
In the valley below.

Away and away
Through the wild chamois track,
Where the storm furies play,
And the night falleth black;
Up the dark craggy height
Mid the avalanche snow;
While the hearthstone shines bright
In the valley below.

The glad morning sun
Floods the valley with gold;
But his journey is done
Ere his eyes may behold
The sweet valley below
From the dark craggy height;
For the avalanche snow
Wrapped his corpse in the night.

O why for the storm
Did he leave the hearth bright?
And why fled he the warm
For the cold craggy height?
Was't for fame or for pride?
That I wis not, but know
Only this, that he died
In the avalanche snow.

Promises.

Now hopeful Spring doth promise plenteous store,
And fragrant blossoms scent the orchard lane;
And Ceres hides beneath the furrowed earth
The treasures that her husbandmen may gain.

And bud and blossom hold in rich reserve,
Their honey sweets to flow 'neath summer sky;
And berries tart and ripe will crown each bush,
To moist the parched lip—delight the eye.

And soon the vine 'neath clustering grape will groan,
And yield their luscious purple to the pound;
And apples red and russet from the tree
Will fall as precious burdens to the ground.

And barns shall creak beneath their bursting bins,
And joyful eyes shall greet the harvest moon;
And happy hearts shall beat the world around,
And merry huskers sing their jocund tune.

And lights shall gleam across the winter moor,
Through sullen gloom from many a glowing hearth;
And Bacchus, too, be made to look benign
By sacrifice from over bounteous earth.

And quick the clashing looms will busy turn,
And countless shuttles shift twixt warp and woof;
And city toilers shall of plenty dream,
On cozy cots beneath their humble roof.

And pinching want shall flee their ruddy cheeks,
And peace and plenty rear their comely brood;
While night and day some voice shall reach the skies:
"Thank God! Thank God! The harvest has been good!"

And then the world will turn him gaily round,
Till winter solstice ends this harvest year;
But still the cry shall fly from lip to lip:
"Full plenty rules the earth—brave heart, good cheer!"

Oh, Spring! What hopes upon thy blossoms hang?
What joys, and hopes, and fears this heart may know!
But 'tis for Spring to promise plenteous store,
Alone, sere Autumn can the gift bestow.

Night by the Sea.

The sun is dying in the west,
Saffron dyed is the ocean's crest,
Along the beach the curlews call,
And billows rise and billows fall;
While to the west a giant cloud
Is weaving him a gaudy shroud.

Buried the day in the golden west;
Go, weary sea-bird, seek thy rest;
Wind and breaker together do moan
A requiem dirge to thee alone;
Trembling stars o'er the deep appear;
Night with her solemn train is here.

Humility.

A TENDER plant of lowly mien,
It bloometh where it is not seen.

It thriveth not in open space,
But seeks a modest hiding place.

The gay parterre so proudly spread
It shuns, and finds a lowlier bed.

Hid low the wild-wood's boughs beneath,
It richest fragrance oft doth breathe.

Its roots are fixed within the shade,
The sun's hot touch its life would fade.

Within the garden of the soul,
It blooms the sweetest grace of all.

The Coming of the Seasons.

Spring.

SPRING cometh on;
The purling streams that winter held fast bound
Within his icy hands, now murmur free;
From all the hills they come with laughing sound;
The tiniest rill joins in the minstrelsy;
A fragrance rises from the moistened earth,
Where busy ploughmen sink the dragging shares,
That takes one's fancy back unto the birth
Of things, and all the world was young. Now dares
The blue-bird whistle out his warning note,
To wake all creatures from their winter's sleep;
To bid the lambkin gambol from his cote,
The marmot from his hidden burrow leap;
While lo! from out his lowly, verdant bed,
Where windy March the snowy cover raised,
A crocus blossom rears its comely head,
And seems a bit surprised, a little dazed,
Some winter sleep yet lingering in its eyes;
But soon it hears familiar whispering
Of bird to bird and rill to stream; looks wise,
And says: "Ah me, I must be up—'tis spring."

Summer.

SUMMER cometh on;
Sweet breathed she comes with all her flowery train;
Her heralds are the June-rose newly blown,
Its cup bejewelled with the sun-warmed rain;
The bluebells through the pleasant grasses strewn;
The lilac with its royal clusters spread,
And all the humble blossoms of the hedge,
Which on the air delightful fragrance shed;
And wild blooms by the deepening hollow's ledge:
Laughing they come, each happy rustic swain,
Where waving elms in bosky alleys meet,
For life is now a summer's bright refrain,
Which bird and flower and man alike repeat;
While earth and sun in warm affection woo,
And of their loves is born the scented rose,
And heaven shows through all the cloudless blue,
Some glimpses of its own supreme repose;
So speak all things that summer days are near,
Earth spreads with lavish hand her beauties round:
Her zephyrs blow, and she herself is here,
While birds in tuneful song her praises sound.

Autumn.

AUTUMN cometh on;
And shorter grows each golden, summer's day,
Till dark and light in equal measure reign;
The sun now shines with heat diminished ray,
And cool the morning breeze wafts through the lane:
The sultry heats now claim alone the noon,
Nor reach their sway beyond its shining hour;
Fair lights the sky the mellow harvest moon,
When night comes on with all her soothing power:
And one by one the summer blooms have flown,
The winds of eve through silent alleys sigh,
Where late each swain the summer blooms had strewn,
While blissful passed the flying moments by:
Yes, ripening Autumn comes; with liberal hand
She spreads her bounties to earth's faithful ones,
Whose arduous labor tilled the yielding land,
Who bravely dared the summer's burning suns;
Yes, Autumn comes, and comes not unadorned,
With tints of varied hue she paints each leaf;
Though summer's passed, and passed not all unmourned,
Yet Autumn too hath charms to banish grief.

Winter.

WINTER cometh on;
The mists that wrapped the early morning sun,
When Autumn's reign was here, now vanished are;
The woods, dismantled all, stand bleak and dun;
The timid squirrel looks slyly from afar,
Where perched he sits in winter coat and warm,
And eats his morsel in the keen, chill air:
The clouds o'erhead a leaden archway form;
The wind loud sighing through the branches bare.
The day wanes on; the straggler in the road
Bethinks 'tis cold, or lighter grown his clothes;
Takes brisker steps to reach his snug abode,
Where glows the fire, and he may sit and doze,
And dream away an hour or so's requite,
Till lamps are lit to drive the darkness out
Into the outer darkness of the night.
A sudden cease of wind—a laughing shout
From village urchins near the smithy's light:
And then the slow descent of fleecy flakes,
The hardened ground now faintly growing white;
And Winter thus his icy entrance makes.

The Frost King.

The Frost King rules o'er all the wold,
His frigid fingers do I see;
Come gather all within the fold,
His touch I see has marked the tree.

And every mossy bank and nook,
The ones I loved—the very same,
And every pool and limpid brook
He holds since first his North winds came.

And every flower that I knew,
That zephyrs wooed in early May,
And every scented blossom too,
Have with his coming passed away.

And now his sprites in merry glee,
Hold carnival o'er all the wold;
And Summer's timid creatures flee
To safety in the sheltered fold.

And up and down the hills resound
With laughter from each comely sprite;
They kiss the sky, they kiss the ground,
They revel in their robes of white.

They dance to Boreas' wild refrain,
They smile at Luna's frozen ring,
They press their wands against the pane,
To rear a castle for their king.

Don't let them near the blazing hearth,
Throw on the log of heavy grain;
We'll gladly give them mirth for mirth,
And echo back their wild refrain.

A Life Drama.

A WOOD, a stream, a meadow green,
The cattle gently lowing;
A little child completes the scene,
The mild wind softly blowing.

He thinks not of the running spring,
The sweet and scented flowers;
He looks for some far brighter thing,
Where yon high hill-top towers.

The sun sinks in its winding sheet,
The little child still gazing;
Not on the flowers at his feet,
Nor on the cattle grazing;

But where the red sun throws its beam,
As in departed glory,
Where pines upon the hill just seem
Like giants great and gory.

His little fancy spreads its wings
To fabled rhyme and story;
And some day, to himself he sings,
I'll mount and share their glory.

A leafless pine, a turbid stream,
A screeching eagle soaring;
A gray old man wakes from his dream,
His foolish hopes deploring.

The Last of Summer.

(*A Fragment.*)

Oh, beautiful maid, with your bright golden hair,
And eyes that would rival the ocean's deep blue;
Where now are the bright smiles, the low-murmured prayer
You uttered, when last the soft June breezes blew?

Oh, was it but that your gay charms deceived me,—
As fleeting and false as your beauty was fair?
Oh, ne'er did I think for another you'd leave me,
Nor give in return but a tress of your hair.

Ever and Never.

EVER to serve,
Never to swerve,
Ever for God to live;
Ever to pray,
Ever obey,
Never a pain to give.

Ever to be
Working for Thee,
Never to idly drone;
Ever to work,
Never to shirk,
Never to fret and moan.

Ever to strive,
Striving will thrive,
Never to yield the right;
Never to mope,
Ever to hope,
Ever keep God in sight.

Reveille.

What an army I command,
Legions of hours behind me stand;
Lightsome and gay,
Sombre and gray;
What an array
To march to an unknown land.

With these must I meet the foe!
And these prove my weal or woe!
List to the voice,
Let us rejoice,
Still there's a choice—
Still may we conquer the foe:

Those before come trooping near,
Each bell tolled—one to the rear;
Ready are they,
Quick to obey,
Conquer, I pray,
March straight ahead without fear.

To the World.

VAIN are the words you speak to me,
And vain the maxims that you preach;
Your lessons to the grave but reach,
And aught beyond you cannot see.

Again I say your words are vain,
You tell me that this life is all,
And in the end to nothing fall
My hopes, like tissues of the brain.

Your creed, a shallow unbelief,
You deify the grosser sense,
And with a stoic's wild pretense
You mock at truth and smile at grief.

All things I know not—this I know,
Your wisdom is but ostrich wise,
The fable that with death all dies
Is so—because you'd have it so.

A handy fable framed to please
The strivers in the race for wealth,
The trickster in his cunning stealth,
The worldling in his wanton ease.

From you faith looks for no assents,
To you the truth but nought avails,
And vain you strive in finite scales
To ponder God's omnipotence.

To you the good and bad are one,
A mere affair of sense and taste;
Dishonor, honor, lewd and chaste,
By you are levelled and undone.

More wisdom and of better worth
Is in the poor untutored man
Who lives by faith as best he can,
Than in the clever minds of earth.

For me, O God, the gift of faith,
To see beyond the wormy grave,
A goal that spurs me to be brave,
And live as Thine own scripture saith.

Parting.

UNHEEDED have the bright hours passed,
Which ne'er a darksome shadow cast,
And now the shadow comes at last.

Ah! must I frame my lips to make
The words that nigh my full heart break,
And cause my cold clasped hand to shake.

'Tis so—though I may feel the smart
Of smothered grief within my heart,
I say "Farewell, we now must part!"

"Farewell!" Since now the words are said,
My heart though sad, is not as lead,
But by strong hope is comforted.

Oh! winds, fill soft the lifted sail;
Oh! sea, keep smooth the watery trail,
Till he the distant port shall hail.

Oh! God, the winds and sea command,
And bring him from a stranger's land,
To clasp my waiting, outstretched hand.

Greeting.

The ship is safe within the quay,
God brought a blessing home to me,
From o'er the deep and vasty sea.

Oh! happy hour, when thus we meet,
And after years of parting greet,
While hearts in even measure beat.

Let lights from every casement shine,
The heart's-ease with the rose entwine,
To welcome him to home of mine.

And lead him to the vacant place,
And near him let me fondly trace
The old time features of his face.

Ah yes, my heart is glad to know
That all my thoughts to him may flow,
Though seas may rage and winds may blow.

But yesterday the world was wide,
A drear expanse of sea and tide;
To-day the world is at my side.

Youth and Age.

Nimble youth,
All uncouth,
Foolish thoughts engage forsooth;
Laughing eye,
By and by
Thou must learn the sober truth.

Wrinkled age,
Ripe and sage,
Wise and sober thought engage;
Musing sit,
Darn and knit,
Busy hands do cares assuage.

Youth is bold,
Age is cold,
Time is over ere 'tis told;
Youth's wild tune,
Age's croon,
Then the heap of mournful mold!

Lines.

What man there lives
Cut off from sight,
Would say the world
Has lost its light?

And would he say,
With sightless eyes,
The world has lost
Its azure skies?
Its flowery meads,
Its noon-time bright,
And all earth's forms
Are wrapped in night?

As well the man,
Whom virtue's fled,
Should sing the song
That virtue's dead.

Columbia.

Columbia, thy praise I fain would sing
With sweeter tone than to my song I bring;
With master hand would I the tuneful chord
Fain strike, as should such harmonies afford
More worthy of thy fair, exalted fame,
Befitting more thy bright and glorious name;
But let my song with sweeter songs unite,
And patriot love for feeble tone requite:
Then to my theme with all my heart I turn,
Let heart and song with patriot ardor burn.
Columbia! blessed home of Freedom's breeze,
That sweeps thy shores and stirs thy inland seas;
That wafts a benison o'er mount and plain,
Like incense wafted from a holy fane.
No freer is the air thy people breathe,
No freer are the filmy clouds that wreathe
In forms fantastic round thy mountains grand,
Than are the children of thy happy land.
Columbia! the nations look to thee;
The stranger sighs to share thy liberty:

Behold upon thy strand the mighty throng
From foreign shores lured by thy Freedom's song!
Behold them come, their native lands forsake,
To plead with thee a tyrant's shackles break!
And with what grace dost thou thy freedom give,
Dost bid them come 'neath Freedom's folds to live!
With what delight they hail the favor shown,
And make the glories of thy land their own.
Columbia, thou too hast borne the yoke,
And wept beneath the tyrant's baneful stroke;
Thou too hast plead—thy pleadings were denied—
And still would be,—'tis well thy sons defied
The stern oppressor and his unjust might,
And their blood should flow in the cause of right.
Freedom! alone thy one distinctive claim;
Alone the glory of thy honored name!
'Tis that alone which makes thy people one,
The nation's breath of life, its brilliant sun!
No dismal plaints through thy broad lands resound,
Nor merit is to servile homage bound;
Not noble blood, but noble deeds are prized,
Not title, but the man is recognized;
Nor glittering pageantry of empty state,
To rob the poor to make th' despoiler great;

No sceptered hand, and for no head a crown,
Save such as freemen wreathe for true renown.
No greed of conquest keeps thee armed for war,
Thine own contents thee, thou dost ask no more;
And what is thine by every claim of right,
Let none molest, or feel thy blasting smite;
For great indeed, has grown thy sovereign power,
Nor need'st thou at a tyrant's bidding cower;
Thy ways are set, and they are all thine own,
Thy peaceful paths with Freedom's flowers are strewn.
Columbia, thy people love thee well;
How great their love let freedom's heroes tell,
Who shed their blood ere thou enslaved shouldst be,
Who chose to give their lives to have thee free.
Let Greece and Rome with all their trophies won,
Bring forth the equal of thy Washington,
In all the enginery of war well versed,
The first in peace and in thy love the first.
Turn o'er the pages of thy history,
Where naught is writ can cause a blush to see:
Behold the names which grace its every page,
Their deeds the glory of a valiant age;
Behold the names which mark thy freedom's scroll,
And show who can a nobler or more honored roll;

Illustrious Franklin, Carroll, Adams, Chase,
Are men whose deeds might any annals grace;
But they are thine, my country, to them belong
Fair wreaths of fadeless bay, the praise of song.
Columbia, rule thou this mighty land;
Guard well its freedom with a jealous hand;
Protect thy people with thy starry shield,
Their very lives with thine own life are sealed.
Do Thou, O Lord, who men and nations made,
Protect our country and her people aid.

Freedom.

Let freedom rule the land,
Her argosies the sea;
Her sons together band
Till all the world is free.

Let truth and justice reign,
And make all nations one;
Let cruel oppression wane
In light of freedom's sun.

Let freedom's flag then wave
O'er every land and sea,
Its folds inspire the brave
With love of liberty.

Make Earth Brighter by thy Living.

If thou hast of cheering any,
With thy sorrowing brother share;
If thou hast a coat too many,
Give the coatless one to wear.

At thy festive table laden
Canst thou make place for another?
Set before its tempting burden
Some forlorn and hungry brother.

Hast thy house a vacant chamber?
Make some houseless one its guest;
Hast thy grate a burning ember?
Let its red glow warm his breast.

Hast thou more of earthly treasure
Than thou need'st for comfort use?
Give the poor a little pleasure,
Joy into their lives infuse.

Know what thou hast has been given,
Naught thou hast but gave the One,
Who from highest throne in heaven
Calls thy needy brother, son.

Think not wealth is thine to squander
In luxurious state and ease;
While thy poorer brothers wander,
Shalt not thou their wants appease?

Think one day how poor a lodgment
In the grave e'en thou must find;
And the awful, awful judgment
Waits the rich and selfish kind.

Treat him not then as a stranger,
To thy brother kindness show;
Lest perhaps he seeks the manger,
As the poor ones long ago.

Strive thy brother's life to leaven
With the joy of brother's love;
Spread around foretastes of heaven,
'Tis the will of Him above.

Make earth brighter by thy living,
Love thy brother more than gold;
Give, and God will bless thy giving,
And reward a hundred fold.

Send thy deeds of love before thee,
Feed the hungry, clothe the bare;
Lest within His presence holy,
Stand thou cold and naked there.

The Kind Word.

It melts the heart
Else hard as stone;
It heals the smart
Of smothered moan.

It makes the foe
A sturdy friend;
It soothes the woe
It cannot mend.

Then kind word give
When e'er you can;
Its fruits will live
Throughout life's span.

New Year.

NEW Year! new hopes come trooping in,
The old year's past for aye;
And past are "should" and "might have been,"
"Will" is the word to-day.

I will redeem the misused past,
I will do naught but right,
I will each habit vile outcast,
I will the evil fight.

I'll call on God to give me strength,
For I my weakness fear;
I'll call on Him through all the length
Of days within the year.

And when this glad new year's gone by,
And all its days are stilled;
God grant that I be saved the sigh
Of bright hopes unfulfilled.

The Morrow.

Why so eager for the morrow,
Little dimple face so fair?
E'en the long and bright to-morrow
May bring you some little care.

Ah! I see, my darling fellow,
Through your quaint and baby lore;
Then you'll wish another morrow—
As you wished the day before.

Why so eager for the morrow,
Little maid and little man?
You may yet rejoice to borrow
Joys with e'en this day began.

Yes! I know, though the bright morrow
May bring with it drops of rain,
You will seek another morrow,
When the sun shall shine again.

Why so eager for the morrow?
Matron, why the future trace?
May not the looked for to-morrow
Pass a cloud upon love's face?

Yes! I hear the answer given,
Hear the joy your lips have told,
Love divine is heir of heaven,
Love divine can ne'er grow old.

Why so eager for the morrow,
Busy men of mart and trade?
It may be but full of sorrow,
Causing present joys to fade.

Yes! I know that you will sorrow
When the day has passed away;
And you seek in vain to-morrow,
Joys you forfeit now, to-day.

Why so eager for the morrow,
Agēd man, with face of care?
Man bowed low with weight of sorrow—
Man with thin and whitened hair;

Yes! I know that care and sorrow,
Will for ever pass away,
When the long looked for to-morrow
Shall become the bright to-day.

Compensation.

Work! Work! Work!
Early till late!
Then when the sun goes down,
All in the country and town
Smile at its golden crown:
All who work
Early till late!

Rest! Rest! Rest!
Peaceful and blest!
All in the country and town,
Yours is the golden crown,
All in the country and town:
All who rest
Peaceful and blest!

To the Moon.

Elf and fay
Now are gay,
Sporting in thy silvern ray;
Lightly prance,
Sport and dance,
Tricks of love and sorcery play.

In thy light,
Shining bright,
Dreams my lady love to-night;
Pleasing fair
Dreams she there,
Lured by love and witching sprite.

Fair moon, shine,
Lady mine,
Whom thou dream'st of will be thine;
Elf and fay,
Dance away,
Soon shall show the marriage wine.

Echoes.

My heart felt lonely all day long—
All day long did my heart feel weary;
No blossom looked gay, and never a song
But sounded a dirge so dreary:
What care for life,
What pay for strife,
When all is dreary?

All day long did my heart feel sad—
Sadness wrapped my heart so weary;
O God, what makes all else seem glad,
While I sing the dirge so dreary?
What care for life,
What pay for strife,
When all is dreary?

This dirge I sang till of it I did weary—
Wearied, heartsick of the dirge I sang;
When in my palace walls a voice so cheery
Made music till the echoes rang:
There's care for life,
There's pay for strife,
When all is cheery!

I sung aloud that gladsome sound—
Of that glad sound I ne'er could weary;
And now, when all is gray around,
I sing that song in accents cheery:
There's care for life,
There's pay for strife,
When all is cheery!

Till my heart feels glad the whole day long—
All day long does my heart feel cheery;
Every blossom looks gay, and never a song
But echoes mine own so cheery:
There's care for life,
There's pay for strife,
When all is cheery!

Eureka.

I FOLLOWED fortune on its wing
To find the palace of content;
I found it out—the fickle thing—
It never gave, it only lent.

I next did follow hungry fame,
And pushed along through doubt and fear;
I found it but an empty name,
And lacked the thing that made life dear.

So vexed was I and sorely tried,
I bordered well nigh on despair;
My labored spirit sadly cried:
Thou dwell'st content, oh, where? oh, where?

I doubted that it did exist,
Except in spirits blessed above;
When for revenge I did enlist
Within the ranks of wedded love.

Nor fortune more nor fame I tried,
Nor fancies more my bosom rent;
And ever after love I cried:
I am content! I am content!

To a Child Playing on the Sea Shore.

Thy lines are cast in pleasant ways,
Thy tender mind knows naught of guile;
All bright and happy are thy days,
A light heart prompts thy ready smile.

The world to thee is wonderland;
Each hour unfolds a glad surprise;
Thy mimic building in the sand
Brings rapture to thy merry eyes.

Smile on ere life's young hours are passed,
Be happy in thy childish play;
Time, like the tide, will come at last,
And sweep thy brightest joys away.

The Knight.

The victim with a mournful eye
Was brought in chains before the King,
Who thought he would with mercy vie,
And planned upon a noble thing.

"Sir Knight!" for he no menial was,
A dashing and bold free lance he—
His only crime, if crime it was,
He loved above his own degree.

"Sir Knight! this is a sad, sad scene,
To see thee crouched so at my feet;
Forsooth, I would this had not been,
But thine own treason makes death meet.

"Mine only daughter would'st thou steal,
And she to Prince Lionel 'trothed;
Now, my sharp vengeance shalt thou feel,
Or be my soul forever lost.

"My trusted vassals would'st thou bribe
To gain access within mine walls;
Would'st have her Cupid's tales imbibe
To wean her from these castle halls.

"Yet can I never quite forget
Thy ready arms, thy loyal breath;
Therefore, in mercy, may'st thou set
To choose between exile and death."

The Knight then humbly raised his head—
The light of love was in his eye—
"To-morrow doth Lionel wed,
To-day must I be doomed to die."

The King then tried his ire to tame,
His clemency had now outrun;
"I pledge my word, Sir Knight, the same
Without recanting shall be done."

Then spoke the Knight: "I now would make
A last request in words but few:
Let me one look at Io take,
And bid her my farewell adieu."

'Twas granted, and he felt her breath;
He felt the wild throbs of her heart;
Her brow was pale as palest death;
Her lips were cold and set apart.

Then to the King: "Oh, let me die
As warriors die, beneath the sword,
And let Lionel vainly try
What prowess can his arm afford."

Her grief had stolen away his mind;
He thought himself upon the field;
To all around him was he blind;
He thought his weight of chains a shield.

Then sprung Lionel where he stood
Unarmed, and touched him with his sword;
The marble floor was dyed with blood,
The King had kept his pledged word.

But never will Lionel wed
The prize he would so dearly buy—
Two forms upon the floor lie dead—
Two fair young forms in crimson dye.

The Morn.

THE morn! the morn!
A new day born!
Now misty vapors flee the dale,
Now night winds hush the moaning wail;
Come, ready men, prepare the feast,
Nor turn your backs upon the East,
Come change your swords to ploughshares true,
And wet them with the early dew.

The morn! the morn!
Away the morn!
And will the vapors fill the dale?
And will the night winds 'gin their wail?
And shall men not partake the feast?
Nor see again the rosy East?
And were their bladed ploughshares too,
But rusted by the early dew?

The East! the East!
The rosy East!
Come once again and fill the dale,
Come bid the night winds hush their wail,
Forever stay and let men feast,
Nor turned their backs upon the East;
Come rosy light all time to stay,
Eternal morn—undying day.

My Princess.

She comes from a most royal line,
The blood of kings flows through each vein;
Her pedigree didst ever shine
Without a spot, heraldic stain.

Her arched lip, her kindly smile,
Bespeak her more than royal worth;
Her actions all so free from guile,
I deem she must be more than earth.

Her sparkling eyes, her sunny hair,
Such beauty as the poet dreams;
No glittering jewels need she wear—
She's all she is—she's all she seems.

Such beauty hers and such her charm,
I wish you could this princess see;
As when she crosses Dobbin's farm,
To call the cows from off the lea.

'Tis then she seems to me the best,
The fairest creature ever seen;
And never can I hope to rest,
Till this same princess be my queen.

Night.

Oh! night, with thy countless eyes,
That like fairy tapers glow,
Keeping watch from their home in the skies
On the sleeping world below.

Oh! night, with thy calm repose,
Stolen from the care worn day;
The welcome guest of the man that sows,
And the child aweary of play.

Oh! night, how sweet are thy charms!
Though thy scented breath be chill,
'Tis a breath so sweet no vain alarms
May my resting spirit fill.

Oh! night, where's thy noisome shade,
Or thy shadows gaunt and gray,
That men, ever struggling, seek to evade
In the garish glare of day!

Oh! death, as the night I love,
Then come when ever ye will;
And like the stars that gleam above,
Bid this longing heart—be still.

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